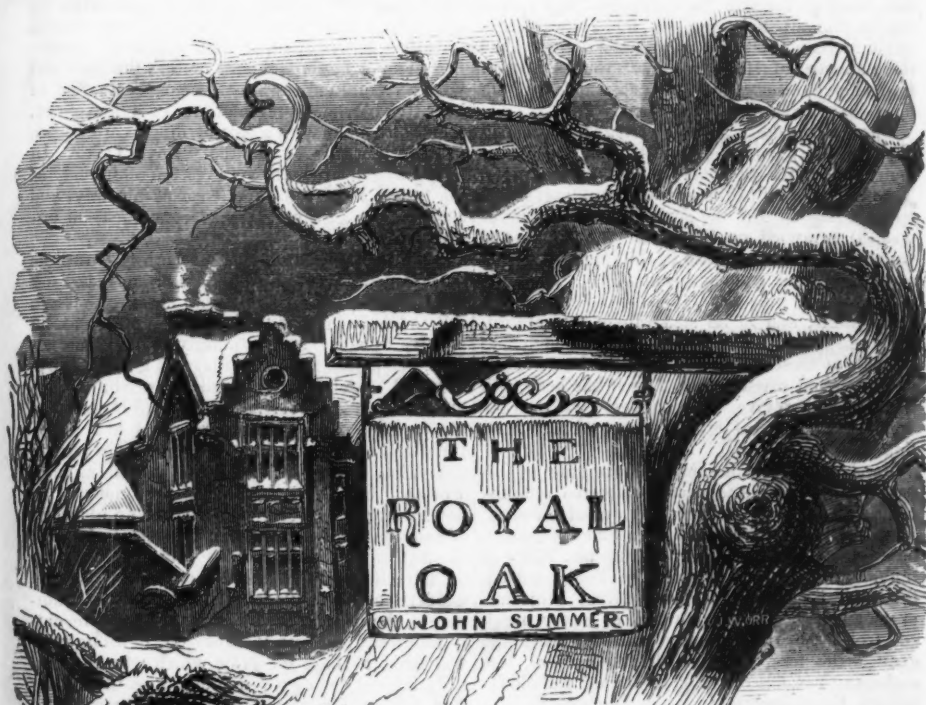


THE ROVER: A DOLLAR WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

S. B. DEAN & CO., PUBLISHERS.....NEW YORK, JUNE 7, 1845.....LAWRENCE LARREE, EDITOR.



Y O U might travel many a league and never meet with village inn so picturesque or so antique as ours. You might traverse many a broad acre of dingle, wood and park, and yet not see so brave, so fair an oak as that which covers with its mighty arms the time-worn sign that swings before our humble hostelry. It stands in solitary majesty, leafless and bare, a grim, gaunt skeleton, the huge anatomy of a strong-limbed giant, its summer bravery put off, its leafy gloriousness departed, its many-hued autumnal robe stript from it, and trodden down to mingle with the sudden soil beneath. Centuries have rolled over it, and generations passed it by, and still it towers in altitude, in beauty, and in bulk the same. Lichens cling firmly to its rugged bark, and mosses drape its hardy roots; but they become it as hoary hairs become the veteran; they are gnomonic of a rare old age—old age without its concomitant decay. They must have been coeval—oak and

house; and he who reared the one must surely have committed to the earth the tiny acorn from whose grave sprung up the Titan vastness of the other.

But the inn! didst ever see a crazier pile?—an edifice so nodding, tottering, curious and uncouth? Story overtopping story, and a row of heavy gables, sombrous and uniform, ornate with cunning carving, worm-eaten and somewhat defaced withal, lifting their peaked summits above the sunken windows, the redundant cornices, quaint corbels, vacant niches, brackets and bas-reliefs, which diversify and decorate the motly aspect of the "Royal Oak."

It hath had its mutations—that way-side ale-house; and the rude effigies which rustic art has traced upon its sign-board, have changed as often as the blazon of the royal shield. When its walls first rose, the hermit's stirring call to arms was ringing through the realms of Christendom, and noble blood was shed like rain upon the thirsty soil of Palestine. Then, the "Red Cross" became the rendezvous for village gossips; and if, perchance, some humble palmer sought the shelter of its roof, daylight would dawn before the throng dispersed whom curiosity had convened to hear the wonder-teeming tales with which the wanderer regaled the greedy ears of that attentive company.

Anon, when many an eventful year had run

its course, and the crusades were numbered with the by-gone things of an imperfectly remembered past, the "Harry Tudor" swung from before the village inn; and crippled veterans, who had been eye-witnesses of, and actors in, the sanguinary and merciless wars of the Roses, met in the summer evenings beneath the verdurous roof spread out by that all-sheltering oak, and spun interminable recitals (that varied with the occasion and the audience) of Hexham's total rout—of Stamford's fierce, disastrous fray—or Barnet's Sabbath fight, and Bosworth's bloody field.

Once more the sign was changed, and Harry Tudor's sharp and thoughtful face was hidden beneath a patch of sober, russet-colored paint. True to the spirit of the age, the shuffling, close-cropped tapster (of the period of the Commonwealth) scrawled on his board the hackneyed watchword, which certain of the republicans had adopted, "God encompasseth us!" *That*, we may be sure, was never destined to survive the Restoration; and in its stead, there was accordingly displayed as reasonable a resemblance of the oak of Boscobel as the limner's fancy could devise. And often renewed as it has been, still does the sign revive, while under it we read the well-known name of its hearty honest host "John Summers."

Pondering upon the name, something of his past history occurs to mind,—scattered reminiscences that were silently fading out of memory. Five and twenty years ago John Summers was a handsome stripling, light of heart and blithe of limb, and somewhat of a wag to boot; indeed, the very life and soul, mainspring, projector, promoter, and part-perpetrator, of every freak and frolic that from time to time enlivened and excited the less inventive, less mercurial, less enthusiastic minds of our good friends and old familiars, the villagers of —. Supreme in — steeple, lord paramount of bells and bell-ringers, marshal of Christmas minstrels, comptroller of festivities at Easter and at Whitsuntide, grand caterer at harvest-homes, chief of the commissariat at the banquets of the club, joker in ordinary and extraordinary at weddings, umpire at cricket-matches, director of bonfires and fireworks on each recurring Guy Fawkes day,—what a perfect Proteus was honest John!

He had a brother, too, ("alas! that *had*, how sad a passage 'tis!") of a temperament so opposite, and disposition so dissimilar, that at times one almost felt disposed to doubt their consanguinity. Abstracted, reserved, contemplative, and naturally of a proud, unbending mind, the contrast which the character of Edward Summers presented to his elder brother's, was obvious to the most superficial, the most careless of observers. As they grew to manhood, this diversity of character, and the differing tendencies of their pursuits, went far to dissociate and divide them. The elder, as we have intimated, was somewhat of a freehearted, jovial, roystering fellow, could troll a catch, and frame a reasonable after-dinner speech, pithy and pertinent withal; was unrivalled as a rifle shooter, famous at fly-fishing, expert at quoits, and, as a cricketer, was justly noted for his scientific batting. Edward, on the other hand, almost effeminately delicate in person, found no enjoyment in the rough but manly

pastimes of his brother, viewed his celebrity in those respects with something like contempt, acknowledged no community with his companions, and concentrated all his energies in the cultivation of his talents as a self-taught painter. Such profitless expenditure of time, it must not be concealed, was viewed with grave concern by one whose knowledge of cartoons was limited to certain scores chalked with scholastic regularity upon a cupboard door within the bar; and whose picture-gallery was limited to a series of brightly-colored representations of a fox-chace, which, together with a pair of dingy caricatures, graced the club-room of the "Royal Oak." In fact, paternal prudence augured but ominously of the future from the experience of a costly, and (in so far as emolument was concerned) an unproductive past.

Meantime, the thoughts of both the brothers were simultaneously directed into one and the same channel—a channel easily surmised. Both fell suddenly in love! A childish play-mate, a relative by some remote affinity, who, years before, had parted from the village as a merry, hoyden girl, chiefly remembered by reason of the exceeding and never-failing mirthfulness of a most sunshiny disposition, returned to it a matured and really dazzling beauty; a girl still in years, but in height, in figure, and in mind, a woman. She soon became the "cynosure of neighb'ring eyes," and was as much an object of admiration among the rising bachelors of —, as (truth must be told) of envy, and (occasionally) of detraction, among the comparatively slighted maidens of the village. With both the Summers's, the intercourse of childhood was presently renewed; and with the younger, in all its early warmth. Perhaps the pride which woman naturally feels at seeing a proud man kneeling at her feet, valuing a conquest rather in proportion to the difficulty of its acquirement than its actual worth, or perhaps (so contradictory is the human heart) a sentiment of admiration for peculiarities of character so diametrically opposed to those which marked her own, influenced Lucy Frazer in her choice. But be it as it may, Edward Summers was the accepted lover.

Well might the unsuccessful suitor, who had seen his junior brother's claims preferred to his, feel with some bitterness the slight thus put upon him; for if ever there was human being whose peculiar privilege it seemed to be to communicate to those within her sphere a happiness that was perfectly contagious, that being was Lucy Frazer. You could not tell from what precise source it sprung, nor how communicated. She looked a volume of unutterable kindness. The comprehensive benevolence of her soul appeared literally to find an utterance in every glance that emanated from her large and lustrous eyes; and when her lips broke into smiles, it came like some most welcome gush of sunshine, a pleasant prelude to the music of her voice.

John Summers, however, was a philosopher, and his philosophy was of an eminently practical order. Had it been otherwise, the placidity and equanimity of mind with which he bore his disappointment, after the first transient ebullition of chagrin had passed away, would have been infinitely less than that which he displayed upon

the occasion. Other cares and other considerations shortly afterwards occupied his mind. The old man, his father, fell suddenly a victim to an attack of apoplexy, and the "Royal Oak" devolved in consequence upon the elder, while a legacy of some three or four hundreds pounds fell to the heritage of the younger Summers! This, to the latter, was a godsend he had scarcely ventured to anticipate; it seemed to offer him a footing from which he might in time attempt to scale the very topmost round of Fortune's ladder.

Full of high hopes and sanguine expectations, colored with the glowing promise of a brilliant future,—a promise that was destined never to be realized,—he married, received his patrimony, and flung himself adventurously on the metropolis—launched, with a flowing sail, upon the eddying sea in which so many a noble heart has been engulfed. But the skill which was the wonder of a village, was no meet rival for the excellence schooled, disciplined, and matured within a city's teeming sphere. A self-humiliating truth like this was slow to force itself upon his mind, and reluctantly received, when it had gained admission there. Three years he lived upon the fruits of that economy which a thrifty parent had sedulously practised for the space of thirty; though subsidiary means were now and then derived from his professional labors, such subsidies were rare and scanty. The last remnant of the legacy vanished ere long. Then came the bitterness of hope deferred,—the incessant but inoperative struggles of a mind inadequately framed to wrestle with the difficulties which pressed upon his path,—the gradual demolition of every anticipation most desperately clung to and most inveterately cherished,—the slow approaches of inevitable penury,—the progressive relinquishment of little luxuries at first, and then of comforts, and then of actual necessities. By all these gradations—step by step—the lowest deep of poverty was painfully attained. But even this, which bore down hope and health before it,—the hideously palpable reality which rose up in place of all the pleasant visions shaped with such ease, and abandoned with such reluctance and regret,—even this was powerless to vanquish pride. And hence the brother he had rivaled, but in whose love he still maintained a place, was kept profoundly ignorant of the clouds which now were settling down so heavily upon the patronless artist's prospects.

What the wife felt, and never uttered—submitted to and never murmured; how patiently she toiled, and never spoke of weariness,—suffered in heart and mind, and yet could wear a smile,—could still whisper encouragement, still caress, and never weep but when alone,—would be a painful speculation, and yet not profitless. If the heroism of the poor, the noble, the enduring fortitude of woman, more especially in her severest trials, her most intense distress, were chronicled—ay, simply noted down in all their naked truth,—those chronicles would glorify our common nature, and put to shame the glowing narratives in which historians too studiously have sought to embalm and perpetuate the madness, the folly and the lust of many of the misnamed heroic, and many of the misnamed great.

We wander from the thread of our discourse, which now assumes a gloomier texture. Poor Summers declined apace—forbade all application to his brother—sickened—grew hopelessly delirious—waned with the waning season—and "perished in his pride!" At such a juncture, it became imperative upon the part of Lucy to inform the brother of her loss, and this she did, not without some trepidation and misgivings. When the intelligence was thus broken to him, he neither raved, nor tore his hair in agony, nor would permit the paroxysms of an ineffectual grief to have the mastery of his mind. Mourn for the dead he did, unquestionably, and laid his brother's ashes in a grave beside his father's, with such solemnity and undissimulated sorrow as testified the earnestness with which, at heart, he loved him. But the living had their claims upon his sympathy; and with a delicacy that was strangely blended with the naturally frank and warm-hearted manner in which his kindnesses were generally performed, he proceeded to provide a home for the widow and the orphan of his brother.

Hard by the narrow plot of ground which hides beneath the grassy ridges on its surface the mouldering dust of successive generations, the resting place alike of wrinkled age and soft-cheeked infancy;—so near to it, indeed, that toward sun-down the shadow of the old church tower darkens the little porch, and when the Sabbath-day services commence, the organ's swell is audible in every chamber, stood (as still there stands) a cottage that then had been for some time tenantless,—a dwelling like that of the poet, *parva sed apta*. This did the thoughtful care of honest John select for those whose welfare now became his favorite concern. It was thenceforth a choice amusement to him, an employment into which he entered with an almost boyish zeal, to make it habitable,—to furnish it according to the fancied tastes of Lucy,—to call to mind the predilections which he remembered her to have expressed when but a laughter-loving maiden, whom it seemed impossible that calamity could ever touch,—to carry there the high-backed, velvet-cushioned, oaken chair (a family heir-loom) in which she used sometimes to sit, and bid the brothers jestingly kneel down and pay their sovereign mistress fealty,—to add, besides, some favorite ornaments of antique rarity, that at the same time had attracted her regard,—to till the garden, clear the walks, plant its neglected beds with flowers, prune the redundant branches of the vines and fruit trees; and, in fine, to make it what it was, and is,—an enviable haven for the shelter and security of one, upon whose gentle nature the tempests of the world had early and in rapid sequence spent their shocks.

It would have done your heart good to have seen John Summers thus employed, and afterwards to have witnessed the glow of honest pride which mantled on his comely visage when he led the widow and her orphan thither, and when he heard her falter forth her approbation and her gratitude. And if in very thankfulness she gave the feelings of her full heart vent in a copious flood of tears,—and if John's eyes grew likewise moist, and if his voice wavered like a girl's,

when he assured her he would ever be to her a brother,—and if he felt uncomfortably awkward he knew not how—in the contemplation of the happiness he had effected, and could only answer in reply to frequent thanks, “God bless you both!” and wondered how his eyes could be so dazzled by the sunshine, and pressed the little one until his tiny hand was almost flattened in his uncle’s grasp,—surely on such occasion it was only natural.

Why prolong the narrative? Is not John Summers still the landlord of the “Royal Oak,” a substantial man in purse and person—still a bachelor, and, in redemption of his promise, a brother to the widow? Is not the artist’s relict a tenant of that pretty cottage near the church? And is not her handsome son the very image of his ill-starred father, excepting that his mind is rather moulded in the fashion of his gentle mother’s?

Fortune has prospered both; and a competence bequeathed to Lucy by a distant relative of her mother’s, enables her now to mitigate with liberal hand the sorrows and distress of which she herself has felt the weight and known the bitterness.

ROSANNA, THE UGLY ONE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

“But look then,” said Mrs. Moore to her husband, “how ugly that little one is. Is she not, William?”

And Mr. Moore, who was sitting in a rocking chair, amusing himself with poking the fire, laid down the tongs he held, and gravely answered his wife.

“But, my dear, you have already said so one hundred times, and were you to say so one hundred times more, Rosanna would not become less ugly for your saying so.”

Rosanna was a little girl of about fourteen. She was their only child, and to do her mother justice, was really very ugly—nay, almost revolting, with her little gray eyes, flat nose, large mouth, thick, protruding lips, red hair, and, above all, a form remarkably awry.

Rosa was then very ugly; but she was a sweet girl, nevertheless. Kind and intelligent, she possessed a mind of the highest order. Nature seemed to have compensated her with every good quality of the heart, for the want of every beauty of person.

The poor little thing was proudly hurt, as she listened to her mother’s observation.

“Oh, you little fright! you will never get a husband.”

Eight o’clock struck—Mrs. Moore was sorely vexed.

“Go to bed, Rosanna.”

Trembling, the little girl approached her mother to give her the kiss of good night.

“Tis useless, you little monster,” said her mother.

A tear rolled from the little one’s eye.

She hastily wiped it away, and turning to her father, presented him the yet humid cheek.

“I am not altogether miserable,” she murmured, leaving the room.

Retired to her chamber, she commenced embroidering a scarf; and worked thus part of the

night, for she desired to be able to present it to her mother when she rose in the morning.

The clock struck twelve. She had just finished, and putting it by, the little girl calmly resigned herself to rest. Her repose was undisturbed.

On the morrow Rosa presented the scarf to her mother. What was the pain the little one experienced, when her mother received her coldly, and expressed none of those tender sentiments, which were to have been the sweet little one’s reward.

Her eyes by chance glanced over a neighboring mirror.

“Yes,” she said internally, “I am ugly; they are right;” and she sought in her young head to find a remedy for ugliness.

And then in the world new pangs wounded the little ugly one’s heart. A first impression alienated all the young girls of her own age; but then she was so good, so amiable, so amusing, that they approached, then listened, and then loved her. Now indeed our little one was happy.

One day Mr. Moore went home in a violent passion, and became, in consequence of some trifling provocation, highly incensed against his wife. Their domestic felicity was troubled for eight long days—for eight long days Mrs. Moore was continually crying. Rosanna in vain racked her young brains to discover why her mother was continually weeping. At last she reflected in her mind how to reconcile him.

They were all three seated in the parlor; Mr. Moore was arranging the fire. When this was concluded he threw the tongs from him, snatched a book from the table, and opened it abruptly; but after a moment’s perusal, he closed it again in a violent humor, cast a fierce glance at his wife, and hurriedly rose from his chair.

Rosanna, deeply moved, threw her arms around his neck, as he was about to rise, and affectionately caressed him. He could not reject her innocent coaxing, and the little girl thinking that she had succeeded in touching his heart, took in her hands the moistened handkerchief wherewith her mother had been drying her weeping eyes, and dried them a second time therewith. She then tenderly embraced her mother, who returned her affectionate caresses with all a mother’s fondness.

The parties being now favorably disposed, nothing remained but to establish the peace. This was no easy matter; neither would make the first overture, and without the penetration of little Rosa, the reconciliation would not then have taken place.

She took her father’s hand in her own and pressed it to her bosom; she then took her mother’s hand and joined it to her father’s, as it lay near her heart. Human pride could resist no longer: the alienated parents rose at the same moment, and cordially embraced each other.

From that hour Rosanna was the idol of them both.

Six years after this, Rosanna—the ugly Rosanna, was the ornament of every society to which her mother presented her. Amiable, witty, and observing, her conversation was universally courted.

One summer evening, the sun, which during the day had shed over nature an intense heat, had

just disappeared, leaving the horizon covered with long bands of red; clouds more and more dark, were heaping themselves on the eastern skies; the atmosphere was suffocating, and one would deem the earth was returning to the sun the heat she had been receiving from it during the day. All was heavy and weary; the air inhaled, seemed rather to suffocate than to nourish. A drowsy languor overcame every one.

In a saloon where every window was thrown open, might be seen gliding here and there, light groups of young females, whose white dresses slightly agitated by the rising breeze of the evening, offered something mysterious and poetical, whereon the imagination loved to dwell.

A low languishing whisper was then heard, like the soothing murmur of some distant rivulet. A young woman, seated before a piano, was expressing her heart's sentiments by an extemporaneous melody, now smooth and tender, now deep and trembling.

No more whispering, but a general silence took place, for her's was a celestial sympathy, a seraph's song.

Lord Underwood, a fine, blue eyed young nobleman, was so deeply touched by the melody, that his frame seemed agitated by a momentary convulsion. He listened to the angel's voice, so softly harmonizing with the sweet tones of the instrument, and felt an indescribable sensation thrill through his frame.

The music ceased, but the sweet voice still vibrated on Underwood's ear, and there was a charm in the witty and original trifle to which he listened, that transfixed him where he stood.

"How beautiful must that young girl be," thought Underwood. "Happy man on whom may fall her voice," and he involuntarily sighed. Suddenly lights were brought in. The young girl was the ugly Rosanna.

Lord Underwood was stupefied. He closed his eyes, but the charm of that voice haunted his memory. He gazed upon her a second time, and he thought her less ugly; and Rosanna was indeed less ugly. The beauties of her mind seem-transferred to her person, and her gray eyes, small as they were, expressed wonderfully well her internal sensations.

Lord Underwood wedded Rosanna, and became the happiest of men, in the possession of the kindest and most loving of women.

Beauty deserts us; but virtue and talents, the faithful companions of our lives, accompany us even to the grave.

THE NEW-YEAR'S NIGHT OF AN UNHAPPY MAN.

BY JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

An old man stood on the new year's midnight at the window, and gazed with a look of long despair, upward to the immovable ever-blooming heaven, and down upon the still, pure, white earth, on which no one was then so joyless and sleepless as he. For his grave stood near him; it was covered only with the snow of age, not with the green of youth; and he brought nothing with him out of the whole rich life, nothing with him but errors, sin and disease, a wasted body, a

desolate soul, the breast full of poison, an old age full of remorse. The beautiful days of his youth turned round to-day, as spectres, and drew him back again to that bright morning on which his father first placed him at the cross-road of life, which, on the right hand, leads by the sun-path of Virtue into a wide peaceful land full of light and of harvests, and full of angels, and which, on the left hand, descends into the mole-ways of Vice, into a black cavern full of down-dropping poison, full of aiming serpents, and of gloomy, sultry vapors.

Ah! the serpents hung about his breast, and the drops of poison on his tongue. And he knew now where he was!

Frantic, and with unspeakable grief, he called up to Heaven, "Oh! give me back my youth again! O, Father! place me once more at the cross-path of life, that I may choose otherwise than I did."

But his father and his youth had long since passed away.

He saw fiery exhalations dancing on the marshes, and extinguishing themselves in the churchyard, and he said: "There are the days of my folly!" He saw a star fly from heaven, and, in falling, glimmer and dissolve upon the earth. "That am I!" said his bleeding heart, and the serpent-teeth of remorse dug therein further in its wounds.

His flaming fancy showed him sleep-walkers slinking away on the house-tops; and a wind-mill raised up its arms threateningly to destroy him; and a mask that remained behind in the empty charnel-house, assumed by degrees his own features.

In the midst of this paroxysm, suddenly the music for the new year flowed down from the steeple, like distant church-anthems. He looked round on the horizon and upon the wide world, and thought on the friends of his youth, who, better and more happy than he, were now instructors of the earth, fathers of happy children, and blest men—and he exclaimed, "Oh! I also might have slumbered, like you, this new year's night with dry eyes, had I chosen it—Ah! I might have been happy, beloved parents! had I fulfilled your new-year's wishes and instructions."

In feverish recollection of the period of his youth, it appeared to him as if the mask with his features raised itself up in the charnel-house—at length, through the superstition which, on the new-year's night, beholds spirits and futurity, it grew to a living youth in the position of the beautiful boy of the Capitol, pulling out a thorn; and his former blooming figure was bitterly placed as a phantasma before him.

He could behold it no longer—he covered his eyes. A thousand hot, draining tears streamed into the snow. He now only softly sighed, inconsolably and unconsciously, "Only come again, youth! come again!"

And it came again, for he had only dreamed so fearfully on the new-year's night. He was still a youth. His errors alone had been no dream; but he thanked God that, still young, he could turn round in the foul ways of Vice, and fall back on the sun-path which conducts into the pure land of harvests.

Turn with him, youthful reader, if you stand-

est on his path of error! This frightful dream will, in future, become thy judge; but shouldst thou one day call out, full of anguish, "Come again, beautiful youth!" it would not come again.

TO FRANCES BROWN. *

Oh! exile on a sunless shore! where has thy spirit been
To learn the beauties of a world which thou hast never seen?
How paintest thou the gorgeous hues that ne'er have bless'd
thy sight,

Oh! daughter of the gifted heart! but daughter of the night?

In vain for thee spring's first pale flower breaks from its icy tomb,—

In vain for thee the summer rose puts forth its richest bloom,—
In vain the tints of autumn fall on blossom, leaf, and tree,—
In vain—in vain these glorious things!—oh, all in vain for thee!

They lead thee to the verdant glen, and bid thy soul rejoice
In listening to the sweetness of the silver streamlet's voice;
Thine ear drinks in its melodies—but ah! thou dost not know
How beautiful it is to watch that silver streamlet flow!

They bring thee to the forest, and thou hear'st the leafy trees,
Now sighing in the hurricane—now whispering in the breeze;
But thou canst not see them standing in solemn beauty there,
The pillars of the temple first sanctified by prayer!

The swan upon the glassy lake, the sail upon the wave,
The dew-drops on the emerald turf, the sunbeam on the grave,
The mist upon the mountain's brow, the rainbow in the sky:
Oh, what can bring these glorious things before thy darkened eye?

Is it the sun's reviving rays that speak to thee of light?
Is it the rose's fragrance that tells thee it is bright?
Is it the wood-dove's gentle voice, and its fond mate's replies,
That give thee gleams of bright-winged things, with loving
HUMAN eyes?

Oh! charm'd in dark captivity upon a sunless shore,
Sweet child of genius, tell me, where hast thou learned thy lore?

* Frances Brown, the gifted authoress of "The Star of Astarahel," and many other beautiful poems, is blind.

THE MUFFLED PRIEST.

THE isles of the chapel, lately thronged with many worshippers, were silent. The sounds of prayer which had echoed through the groined roof were hushed. The assembly which had knelt in solemn, but erroneous devotion, had disappeared; and the stone image—the senseless object of their adoration—smiled grimly in the gloomy loneliness, as his chiseled features displayed themselves in the temple erected by superstitious wealth to his service.

But one individual remained, a long robe of sombre hue concealing his person, who leaned, as if in deep thought, against the pedestal on which stood the deity. He was the priest.

A long shadow was cast on the floor, and instantly afterward a tall gaunt figure appeared at the door. A mantle of spotless white overhung his shoulders, scarcely concealing his broad and ample chest. The erectness of his carriage, the dignity of his attitude, the fire of his eye, the boldness of his step, and the proud curl upon his lip, proclaimed him to be a man of rank and ambition.

A contemptuous sneer played upon his countenance—as he cast his eyes about the sanctuary, he glanced toward the stern deity itself, as its deformed features seemed to assume an expression of indignation at the audacity of the intruder. The stranger then turned toward the altar on which, in a golden vase rich studded with jewels, burned an offering of frankincense, emitting a pale blue smoke which rose and festooned from pillar to pillar, disseminating its perfume through the adjacent space. None of these, however, seemed to produce either awe or respect in the mind of the Roman; for, striding past the shrine, he cried,

"Priest! dost sleep?"

The individual whom he addressed, slowly turned his head, muttered, "'tis he!" then drawing his robe more closely about him, answered,

"No, I sleep not. The priest of this deity is not as other men, he needs no sleep."

"Cease this folly," cried the senator impatiently, "well I know all tricks and juggles of thy craft; save thy precious trash to dose the vulgar—reserve thy lectures for the fools who kneel to this thing of stone!"

"Beware! rash man," returned the priest, "how, in the sanctity of his house, you brave his vengeance; what thou thinkest stone may possess power to strike terror to even thy stubborn heart."

"Forbear this idle talk," exclaimed the other.

"Idle talk!" repeated the priest, with deep solemnity of manner, "obdurate as thou art, this deity, through me, can disclose that what would make thee tremble!"

"I would fain witness the skill of which thou vauntest," said the senator, in a more serious manner, for he was unconsciously imbibing a portion of the awe which pervaded the place.

"Thou shalt be gratified," remarked the priest; "what I now tell you, thou think'st buried in thine own bosom, unknown by others; if I disclose it to thee, doubt not that he who presides here can read the hearts of all who approach him, whether to worship or to scoff."

"Proceed, proceed," cried the other.

"Twenty years since, Armenius, thou wert a general, the commander of a legion—"

"Well done for the omniscience of thy god," cried the Roman, jeeringly. "My name, triumphs have chronicled, the truth of thy remarks in the archives of the republic. Is this thy wonder?"

"Interrupt me not," answered the priest calmly; "when I finish, speak what words thou'st a mind—till then, listen. Twenty years since I too had a friend, but I do not tremble. Thy friend loved thee, served thee, and shared his all with thee. Through his high influence, when accused before the senate, thou saved thy name, thy honor, and thy life. Although thy junior, thou soughtest him for advice, and using it didst bind thy brow with laurels of victory. When surrounded by barbarians, and the pilum, taken from 'one of thine own band, was hurled at thee, his buckler warding off the well directed blow—but," and his manner became more oppressive—his voice more melodious, "that friend, alas! loved an Italian girl, soft, pure, and lovely as the sky which arches over her native land—see, thou start'st again! did I not tell thee, I would make thee

tremble? Yes, he loved the girl, not with the vile feeling which tempted thee to gaze upon her charms, and admire her for them alone. His fondness was for herself, her rich angelic mind, more than even her dazzling beauty. Treacherously thou strovest to supplant him in her affections by the splendor of military rank, knowing, as he had confided in thee, that their vows had been exchanged. Thou found'st thy arts useless, and didst change thy love to hatred. The girl became thy friend's wife, when thou, falsely accusing him of crime, didst use thy power to tear him from her arms—sell him into bondage—confiscate his property, and strike his name from the list of citizens. His wife survived her miseries but a year, while thou didst return to the capitol loaded with the spoils of the enemy. Yet with the red hot hand of guilt grasping thy conscience, and even now, proud and ostentatious before the world, the gods tell me in thy chamber thou'rt a coward—starting in alarm, if the least noise breaks on the midnight.”

“Who art thou that dost know all this?” cried the Roman, in evident alarm.

“I am the priest,” answered the other, “of the deity who can unnerve even the Roman senator!”

A paleness overspread the face of Armenius, as he looked first on the graven image and then on his oracle, but, by a violent exertion, resuming his wonted carelessness of demeanor, he said,

“Well, if it is so, let it rest—though 'tis all false, as thou hast said, yet here is a purse; I present it to thy god or thee; I suppose it's the same thing—I will to-morrow add another. He may be all thou'st represented him, but I believe neither in stocks nor stones—however, I have an object, but first, priest, canst thou keep a secret?”

“Why ask, have I not formerly done so for thee?”

“'Tis true! but this is of more importance.”

“So shall my lips be surer guarded.”

“Priest, I am rich! I am bountiful!”

“Yonder jeweled vase attests it.”

“Well, then, I will trust thee; serve me well, and I will erect a sanctuary to thy deity the proudest in Rome.”

“My ears are open and my heart is prepared to bury thy words,” said the priest.

“'Tis this,” continued Armenius. “The proud Augustus, our new censor, is about to make himself prince of the senate, and I would thwart him. I have no line of noble ancestors on whom to base my claims; it is superstition must aid me; that thou canst command. Thy temple is the resort of the rich and poor of the city—of the high and the low; by thy aid, and that of yonder stone, my desires may be accomplished; if thou wilt, and I succeed in my designs, I swear to keep my promise.”

The priest consented; when the two, having consulted measures for the furtherance of their scheme, the aspiring senator withdrew; while the priest, drawing aside a veil, entered an inner apartment, and the shades of night enveloped the capital of the world.

The multitudinous noises of the gay metropolis had subsided—the twilight had passed away,

and the moon shone brightly in the cloudless firmament—'twas midnight.

Each pillar reared its graceful capital distinct in the silvery flood which illumined the earth with nearly the brilliancy of sunshine, save where rays were caught and reflected back by the pale marble which rose in tasteful intercolumniation around the princely mansion of Armenius.

One object only gave animation to the scene, and even he appeared scarcely living, for in the darkness of a deep shadow he stood as if transfixed, and made no motion, save now and then the hand, which was laid upon his breast, would contract as if with nervous action.

Another figure is added to the scene—she glides on tiptoe, and rapidly flies to meet the youth; she throws herself into his arms—his lips meet hers—the sudden transport of delight—the impassioned embrace—declares them to be lovers.

Stealing noiselessly into the deeper shade of an adjacent wall, they are concealed from every eye save that of Him who cannot look upon such love, so pure, so fervid, and so disinterested, but with pity on the sad fate which separates them.

“Agricola, love,” whispered the maid, “have I lingered too long from thee? thou wilt forgive me; it was to avoid detection that I tarried.”

The youth seized her tapering fingers in his own and pressed them to his bosom.

“No, love,” he cried, pressing her hands to lips, bathing them in the sea of agony which was rushing from his eyes. “No; alas, thou hast not lingered long enough; would that thou hadst never come!”

“Say not so, Agricola. Wherefore dost thou weep thus?” she inquired soothingly.

“Because,” he replied, “this is the last time that we meet, Sylvia, and may I not consecrate it by a tear as one of fond remembrance?”

“The last, Agricola!” sobbed the tender girl. “Oh name it not, we never will part again.”

“Alas! what would'st thou?”

“Live with thee; die with thee; Sylvia would be thy wife.”

“No, no!” exclaimed the youth, as a pang of grief darted through his soul; “no, Sylvia, it may not be!”

“Then,” said she reprovingly, “thou dost not love me, or thou would'st not cast me off.”

“Love you!” cried he, “it is that I love too well, too—”

“Then why not listen to my prayer?”

“Alas! it is that I love too deeply.”

“No,” cried the girl, “no, Agricola, didst thou love like me; like me, adore! thou would'st cast aside these fears.”

“Fears!” repeated the youth, dropping his hand, and flashing a fire from his eye which illumed the space about them, “fears, Sylvia! thou dost not know me. To me fear is a stranger. 'Tis not that which influences me; but recollect, girl—Agricola is a slave!”

The momentary sternness which he had assumed did not, however, damp the ardor of the girl; it seemed to render him still dearer to her. She placed her fragile arm around his manly neck, and in a tone of gentle reproach, “Rebuke me not, my love,” she said, “thou knowest if Agri-

cola is a slave Sylvia would share his bondage with him. Her love should make his slavery sweeter far than freedom."

"Desist, I pray thee," responded the youth, encircling her waist with his arm, with respectful tenderness, and softening his tone, "remember, your father is a Roman!"

"Cruel as thou art, I still will love thee," she whispered through her tears: "none but thee I love or care for. My father's wrath I heed not, so that I possess thee; 'I care—,'"

"Hist," said her lover, as he carefully leaned toward the spot they had just quitted, when last we met I heard a noise like that which just struck upon mine ear—Sylvia away!"

"Never," cried the girl, filled with love's desperation, and clinging more closely to him, "never, till thou'st promised. I will die with thee, Agricola, but will not lose thee!"

A faint noise resembling a foot-fall broke on the silence, as Agricola strove to disengage himself from the virgin, who twined her arms wildly about his neck.

"Begone! Sylvia, I beseech!"

"Till you promise, never!" she articulated, nearly choked with emotion.

Again the noise was heard—if they were discovered ruin would befall the idol of his heart, and he be degraded by the lash. A moment more, it would be too late; he put his lips to her ear—

"I promise."

In the next instant the light form of the maid was lost among the columns, and her lover, looking hastily about saw the shadow, evidently that of a man, cast on the pavement near him; but so instantaneous was the disappearance, that it vanished ere he was fully aware of the reality. He kneeled and placed his ear on the stones, but all was silent—save the short beating of his heart.

The immoveable features of the pagan idol were dimly visible in the breaking day that stole through the portico of his temple, while equally inflexible, the priest sat at his feet, his face hid in the ample folds of his mantle, presenting only the undefined outlines of a man.

As the gray haze of morning yielded to the strengthening dawn, the senator, with a deep frown settled on his brow, walked in and saluted the priest who rose to receive him.

"Why here, and so early?" demanded the latter. "I could effect nothing in so short a period since we parted yesterday."

"'Tis not for that I sought thee," answered his visitor.

"Then why this visit?" returned the priest.

"For vengeance!"

"Thou shalt have it," replied the priest, gathering his robe about him.

"Thou knowest not what I mean, foolish priest."

"Still thou shalt have vengeance," and a dry cough like a death rattle, sounded in the throat of the priest—it might have been a laugh.

"Silence," said the senator, sternly, laying his clenched hand upon the altar, "the new made laws have deprived us of our innate right to punish our slaves with death—yet I have a slave must die!"

An involuntary shudder passed over the heathen priest, but he pulled his robe more closely about him, and the start passed unobserved. Armentius continued.

"I have a niece, my brother's daughter. She lives with me, my adopted child. This slave has dared to love her. I could let that pass, but she the daughter of a freeborn son of Rome, forgetting her birth, returns his passion. I heard her swear it to him at the last midnight. That seals his doom, and the slave must die! Were it not that suspicion resting on me might blight my brilliant hopes, this hand had done the deed; but I am unused to tricks, I leave it to thee; thy trade is craftiness, and thou canst lull suspicion. That's but my fee," he said, casting a bag of gold upon the altar, "my reward shall make thee rich!"

"'Tis well," muttered the priest, "how callest thou thy slave?"

"Agricola."

The sudden start and half word which escaped the priest caught the other's attention.

"Why startest thou?" he demanded.

"I started!" answered the priest; recovering himself, and stretching forth an arm much withered and shrunk, "because this hand was never dipped in blood."

"A wise priest," said the senator, scornfully, "I see thy object; well, be it so," and he threw another purse upon the altar.

"Thy words must be my law," said the priest, in a low tone—"but, away! the people come to worship."

The senator cast a searching glance on the muffled face of the priest, he drew his robe about him, and, casting a disdainful look on the throng which now commenced kneeling about the image, left the chapel.

When the worshippers had concluded their devotions they retired, and soon the priest was left alone with one person who knelt at the altar. The priest having carefully fastened the doors, the devotee rose, and casting aside the gray mantle which disguised him, exhibited the fine form of Agricola the slave.

"Father," said he, "I crave thy blessing. Thou hast been ever kind to Agricola; but he is poor, and all that he can return he now presents to thee, the love that springs from his heart."

"'Tis all I ask," cried the priest, casting aside his mantle and embracing him, "the love of the good is the greatest treasure. But, my son, thou hast failed in confidence to me, and dangers beset thy path, ranged thicker than the pikes of the Macedonians."

Agricola blushed and sank his head upon his breast.

"It is true," he replied, "that I have not told thee all—but now—"

"Mind it not now—I know all;" the youth glanced incredulously into his face, when the priest taking his hand, continued, "yes, all—thou lovest thy master's adopted daughter, and she returns thy love. Is it not so?"

"Alas! alas! too rightly hast thou said," answered the young man, despondingly.

"Say not alas!" cried the priest, his eyes brightening with delight, "she shall be thy wife!"

"My wife!" repeated Agricola, retiring a few

paces, regarding the other with astonishment, "and I a slave!"

"Fear not! if thou wouldst be happy obey me. At midnight fly hither with thy bride, and I will unite thee."

"But, remember," said the youth, tortured with many conflicting emotions, "the populace will slay thee if thou dost unite a slave to a free-born girl!"

"Leave that to me. Obey my instructions. Now away! return at midnight."

At the same hour as on the previous morning Armenius repeated his visit, but the priest met him at the altar, and, as he was about to speak, said in a bolder tone than he had hitherto used,

"The deity hath again spoken of thee!"

"Hast thou punished the slave?" demanded Armenius eagerly.

"First, must I relate the words of the god I serve, then to thy question."

"Be speedy with thy fooleries!" said Armenius haughtily, "I have weighty business to-day, and few moments to spare."

"Last night," said the priest, "the god spake to his servant and said, thy friend Atticus, whom Armenius exiled, yet lives! Start not, senator of Rome—Atticus yet lives, and in disguise has returned to Rome, found proof of thy baseness, and received honors from Augustus. He has learned, too, that before her death, his wife was delivered of a child—that thou didst seize the infant, and didst bring him up as thy slave, that thou mightst feast thy hellish hate in seeing the son of thy rival eat with thy bondsmen."

"Hast thou ended?" asked his auditor.

"I have," answered the priest.

"Then know thy god or thou speakest false, for of a surety know that Atticus is long since dead. Now answer me, hast thou slain the slave?"

"To satisfy thyself how faithfully I have executed my commission," said the priest, "raise yonder veil, and behold his body."

The senator strode in the direction pointed out, and drawing aside the curtain, beheld Agricola with Sylvia in his arms. He recoiled at first, but in an instant exclaiming,

"Wretch, thou hast deceived me!" unsheathed a jewel hilted dagger from beneath his robe, and was bounding forward, when the priest caught his arm.

"Hold, murderer!" he cried, "nor dare to shed a freeman's blood!"

"He is not free. He is my slave," cried the senator, striving to free himself from the priest, who held him with an iron grasp, while he exclaimed, "'Tis false—he is my son," then casting aside his robe, he discovered his person decked in full senatorial costume, while he added, "and I am Atticus, a Roman senator," then wresting the dagger from his hand, he threw him from him with gigantic strength, crying "thy treason has reached the ear of Augustus. Guards, seize the traitor!"

As if by magic the chapel filled with legionaries, who, tearing his robes from the crest-fallen Armenius, conducted him to a neighboring prison; while the new senator, restored to all his

power and estates, with Agricola and his lovely bride, were escorted triumphantly to the palace of Augustus.

IL DUE GOBBI;

OR THE HUNCHBACK COBBLERS.

AFTER the splendid ceremony of wedding the Adriatic sea, which the chief magistrate of Venice performs by going out in his state-barge and throwing a ring into the waves, a splendid banquet in his palace and general revelry throughout the city, usually occupy the day. On one of these annual occasions, the Doge, having celebrated the allegorical ceremony expressive of his maritime authority, retired to a small supper-table with a few select friends to enjoy an entire release from official cares. And that it might be fully felt by his guests, he deputed his favorite Count Annibal Fiesco to perform the honors of the table, and sat himself among the entertained. The favorite, a nobleman of rich comic humor and grotesque person, compared himself to Sancho Panza in his court of Barataria, and the guests seizing the license of the moment, rallied him gaily on his likeness to that merry squire's exterior. "Your highness," said he, "shall see how easily a fool's part may be played. No man in this city is said to resemble me, except the cobbler Antonio; and I will wager my best white horse, that in three days I will wear his clothes, handle his tools, and make his grimaces so well, that he shall not be certain whether he is himself, or I am he. Nay, if your highness chooses to have this carnival of folly complete, I will bring him to confess he is a dead man, and that I am his ghost!" The doge staked a hundred ducats on the experiment, and the chamberlain joined in wishing the Count success in the farce of "Il Due Gobbi."

An obscure shed, or what would be called a cobbler's stall, was the abode in Venice of a celebrated person called Antonio Raffaele—not the painter whose talents have excited so many imitators, but a little squareheaded humpbacked shoemaker, whose neighbors gave him this eminent surname in derision of his ridiculous ugliness and excessive vanity. Almost all the noted artists in Venice had taken this *Æsop's* likeness as an exercise for their skill in caricature, but with infinite delight to Antonio, who imagined himself a second Antonius. One night, after earning a few pieces of coin upon the quay, he returned to his cassino, and was surprised to see a squareheaded humpbacked dwarf, seated by his wife's side, composedly eating macaroni and drinking lemonade. "In the name of St. Mark," said the high-spirited Italian cobbler, "how comes such an ill-favored cicisbeo here in my absence and how dares he stay when I come home?"

"Signor Gobbo," replied the dwarf, bowing with great civility and nonchalance, "considering that you have thought fit to counterfeit my hump and my crooked leg, I make no answer to your comment on my ill looks; but I take leave to eat my own macaroni and sit at my own shop-board without offence to any gentleman."

Antonio Raffaele answered this harangue with

a very scientific blow, which the new cobbler returned him with such speed, and such sufficient aid from the lady, that his opponent was forced to abandon his household hearth and fight outside. All the lazzaroni of the neighborhood assembled to see the manual debate; and as poor Raffaele was completely vanquished, very wisely and with the usual logic of the mob, concluded him in the wrong, and joined the impostor in driving him out of the street. Antonio was a practical philosopher, and instead of waiting for farther compliments from the victors, went to the nearest officer of police and made his complaint. "This is all very ingenious," said the magistrate, laughing; "but my good little Annibal, every body knows the old cobbler you pretend to be, and his ugliness is a hundred times more comical than yours. I have known the steeple on his shoulder ever since I was a boy, and wrote my lessons twenty years ago under the inspiration of his genius for lying—Go and add three pounds to that mound on your back, and make a better semi-circle of your leg, before you come to me again."

There was no enduring this taunt. Raffaele ran in a fury of aggrieved honor to Signor Corregiana, an artist who had just finished a sketch of him, and implored his aid to identify an injured man. "Ha! ha!" answered the Signor, uncovering his easel—"that will be no difficult matter. His back serves me as the model of Vespasian's arch, and I shall send for him to-morrow to finish his profile—I want it for the Princess of Parma's museum—and here it is, except the nose, which I have not oker enough to finish. My wife's parrot mistook it for a cockatoo's beak, and pecked at it." If Raffaele was astonished at the insolent raillery of the painter, he was still more confounded when, in reply to his clamorous complaints, the Signor gayly ordered his lacqueys to turn the impostor out of doors. "These rogues think," said the artist, taking a long whip and bestowing it liberally on his visitor, "that any dwarf may mimic our Raffaele, but I would have them to know an ugly knave must be a clever one."

Poor Antonio hardly knew how to believe his own ears, which had been so often feasted with praises of his fine bust and antique proportion. But one person might certainly be found to bear witness of his identity, and he ran like a tortoise in an ague to the confessional of Father Paulo, a rosy Dominican, whose sandals he had often repaired. "For the love of justice and St. Dominick," said our persecuted cobbler, "assist a wronged man to confront his enemies. A caitiff, who calls himself Antonio Raffaele, has entered my house, seized my stock in trade, eaten up my supper, and seduced my wife—And the neighbors say—" "Ah, very true!" answered the priest, resting his hands gravely on his sides—"what the neighbors tell you is nothing more than the precise truth. I owed him two maravedis for mending my shoes last night, but he had such an enormous bale of sins to confess, that I shall deduct the two maravedis as a penance." "What, holy father! will you not even pay me for my day's work?" "Yours, lazzarone!—I employ for my cobbler a dull roguish drone who has more ugliness than Æsop, and more tricks than

all Æsop's birds and beasts, but his face is so strangely like St. Janaurius's phial, that I verily believe it grows red by miracle, and therefore I patronize it."

Not even Raffaele's devout respect for the Catholic church could repress his rage at this accumulation of outrage. He seized on the Dominican's ample sleeve, which being filled with Naples biscuits and Parmesan cheese, caused an unexpected shower of good things, among the ragged group whose curiosity brought them to this scene. While the lazzaroni scrambled and the cobbler talked, two or three soldiers of the doge's guard laid their hands on him, and carried him to the nearest prison, accused by divers witnesses of profaning an ecclesiastic's person by assault. It was in vain to detail his wrongs, and plead the law of retaliation. The serjeant of the police preferred arguments of another kind, and after making as many indentures on his back as would have served for the plan of a tessellated pavement, the ministers of justice sent him forth to seek his home and property again. Of the latter part, as far as concerned his wife, he had some fears of finding more than was necessary, and could have dispensed very well with any restoration of his living stock. But when he entered the shop, woeful sight!—he beheld new furniture, a new name, a lady gayly dressed, and the pretended cobbler sitting with a large assortment of shoes before him. The outrageous reproaches of Antonio were more like the chattering of a sick ape than the articulations of human speech. He danced, grinned, shrieked, and threw his professional tools in all directions, but especially at the head of his faithless wife, who affected the utmost dismay and wonder. Officers of justice were sent for again, the neighbors gathered together, the street resounded with shouts, and the doge, whose carriage was passing through it, stopped to inquire into the cause. He was a man of mirth and good nature; the ridiculous distress of the two cobblers caught his fancy, and he ordered the matter to be brought to speedy trial. Antonio Raffaele bustled through the crowd, and called on the doge to hear him speak on the spot. The state-attendants of the equipage would have driven him off, but the doge, laughing heartily, invited him to proceed. "Sire, your Excellency knows that merit of all kinds must have enemies, and the highest tree, as our proverb says, has the crow's nest in it. It is well known to your highness, that no portrait or statue in your gallery has been finished without a comparison with my figure, and this graceless usurper thinks he may rob me of my fame and my patrons, because he has a high shoulder and a curved leg. I beseech your excellency only to command that he may meet me face to face in your council-room three days hence, and your ten counsellors shall see which of us is the true Raffaele."

The doge burst into a second fit a laughter. His Council of Ten, the most formal and formidable tribunal in Venice, engaged in the trial of two hunch-backed cobblers, struck him as such ludicrous burlesque, that he determined to regale himself with a full surfeit of the comedy. "Well, Antonio!" said the merry chief magistrate, "collect your witnesses, and digest sufficient evidence. If I can find ten idle counsellors keeping carnival,

they shall sit as your judges, and I will be umpire between "Il Due Gobbi."

The crowd dispersed, the pretended cobbler shut himself into his shop in triumph, and the people of the street, with the usual indolence of Italians, forgot the quarrel between the two hunch-back Sosias before night. Antonio was not so passive. He purchased a large wide cloak of an Armenian Jew, composed a beard of very respectable length, and covered one eye with a patch of green leather. High-heeled shoes and a large shawl folded into a turban altered his stature considerably, and a gaberdine disguised his distorted shape. Thus attired, and furnished with an assortment of suitable wares, he presented himself at the gate of Count Annibal Fiesco, the Rochester of the Venetian court, and inquired if he was at home. Our Antonio had received a hint from the doge's chamberlain, of the wager laid by the count, and determined to retaliate the sport on him and his confederates.

The servants had no leisure to answer such applicants. They were engaged in discussing the merits of an extraordinary mountebank or itinerant merry-andrew, and disputing which of their own number could perform the cleverest feats. "For my part," said the major-domo, "I have read of stealing the eggs from a bird's nest while she sat on them, and as yonder is a magpie sitting in that tree, I will show how easily that trick may be played by boring a hole under the nest." "Ay," rejoined the page, "but who will play the second part of the same trick, and put the eggs back again without disturbing her?" "Gentlemen," interposed the false Armenian, "that is nothing to a feat I have seen among the Saxon gypsies. Let monsignor, who has, as I see, a suit of his lord's clothes under his arm, tuck them under mine, and carry my box of small wares to the top of that fine tree. I will engage before you all, and without his perceiving it, to draw off his apparel, and put his master's on his back." The whole conclave of domestics were enchanted; and the page made haste to fold up his lord's scarlet cloak, embroidered doublet, and white silk hose, into a bundle of convenient size; and that the metamorphosis might completely exhibit the artist's skill, another ran to seek Count Annibal's plume, velvet hat and splendid shoes, which were placed as our Gobbo desired, one on his head, the other in the bundle under his arm. The page with the show-box of trinkets began to mount slowly first, and the mock conjuror, having slung his bundle very carefully, climbed after him, and contrived with great adroitness to perform one half of his task, while the courtyard rang with shouts of laughter. But while the poor page was most inconveniently perched on the top of the tree, his hands encumbered with the show-box, and his face full of rueful grimaces at his dishabille, Antonio suddenly leaped from one of the branches over the wall, and ran off with his bundle, leaving the servants uncertain whether to pursue him, or to laugh at their comrade's ridiculous position. Antonio had no leisure to enjoy that part of the jest. He retreated with his prize to a secret spot, put on the cloak, rich vestment, and other contents of the bundle, and placing his gemmed and feathered hat with a gallant air on his head, he presented

himself at the doge's palace, and entered his council chamber. "What, Annibal!—so soon tired of the jest?" said the merry doge, laughing as he saw him enter—"But you have not yet fulfilled all the conditions of your wager, you promised not only to dislodge the cobbler from his stall, cheat his neighbors, and usurp his business, but also to convince him he was dead." "That I shall soon do for your highness's amusement," replied the counterfeit nobleman, "provided we have the pomp of a formal council, and bring him before us with due judicial ceremony. The rogue has taken possession of his stall again, and it will not be amiss to send for him with a formidable posse of your officers, and cite his wife also. We shall need the evidence of two or three other persons, but they must be summoned at a proper time." The doge renewed his laughter, and bade his favorite follow into his private cabinet. "This will be a more imposing room of inquisition," said he, taking the chair of state—"You, my chamberlain, and myself, will form a Council of Three, more terrible in Venice than the ten fools of my larger council." "That is true," replied the mock count, dryly, "and three, including your highness, are quite sufficient: but that my task may be properly fulfilled of frightening this cobbler to death, your messenger must hint that he is charged with a secret conspiracy, revealed as usual through the lion's mouth." The thought was instantly approved and executed, the Council of Three took their places near their table in official order, and in half an hour the pretended cobbler was brought in, handcuffed, and placed before them, attended by Antonio's wife.

Our original Antonio folded his scarlet cloak, and adjusted his brows with a scowl of scorn very well befitting a Venetian judge, and his imitator, not so well understanding this unexpected part of the farce, waited in silence for the result.

"You who call yourself Antonio Raffaele, cobbler and seller of monkeys on the Rialto," said the doge, in a stern voice, "you who are accused of secret movements against the state, what reason have you for representing yourself as what you are not?"

"Your highness knows very well who I am," answered the prisoner with an arch glance which he meant the doge to interpret—"And you know moreover, that I am Antonio Raffaele, reformer of your servant's soles, and the model of your sculptor's bodies."

"Fellow," interposed the new judge, availing himself of the doge's permission to conclude the comedy as he pleased—"this is too audacious contumely. Every body knows Antonio Raffaele, commonly called Gobbo the cobbler, has been dead and buried three days. Let that woman behind you deny it if she dares."

The hunchback's wife not being prepared to meet this challenge, knew not what to reply. The three inquisitors urged her to confess if this man was her husband, or an impostor, and her prevarications and confusion produced the most ridiculous answers. "I have thought, monsignor," said Antonio, addressing the doge with the bow of a man of rank and a well imitated air of supercilious negligence toward the prisoners—"I have remembered a necessary means of reach-

ing the truth and confronting these accomplices. Let us send for Signor Torregiano and the Dominican Father Paul!

Both were already in waiting, and made their appearance before the council, more perplexed than alarmed. They had been instructed by the doge's merry favorite how to play their parts in tormenting the poor cobbler, but had received no intimations how to behave towards him to-night. Therefore, when the doge, with an austere air, inquired if the painter had not been sent for to take a sketch of his features after his death, Torregiano very gravely assented, adding, that he went to compose a bust of Æsop from the outline. The priest was asked if he had not administered extreme unction and heard his last confession; in which the Dominican, thinking the jest required it, made no hesitation in acquiescing. "And moreover," said Antonio in a loud voice, "as this council absolves all priests from the secrecy of the confessional, you will acknowledge that he reminded you of the hundred sequins he received from my lord chamberlain for slipping a billet into a dancer's shoe, for which you gave him absolution, and promised to pay him back still the fifty-five you borrowed?" Paulo, supposing all this part of the concerted jest, assented to the charge, and signed his name to the notation made by the council's secretary. "And you, Signor Torregiano," resumed the hunchback judge, "do you not admit in this august presence, that you promised the dying cobbler thirty silver ducats for the use of his skull after his decease to enrich your art? And are you not prepared to pay them to this poor woman whose grief for her husband has disordered her memory?" The painter could do nothing but assent and lay down the money as required; after which the pretended count required the presence of the magistrate who presided over the cobbler's district. This civilian, whose conduct to our cobbler had been dictated by the doge's favorite, came without fear to answer whatever might be proposed; and the doge, in the grotesque airs of overacted authority assumed by his friend, saw only a fresh proof of his inventive drollery and mimic talent. The count himself, in his cobbler's garb, could no way conceive how his patron intended this excess of merriment to end. But when the magistrate was required to give his wife a certificate of her widowhood, and to sign himself an affidavit of the cobbler's death, he began to apprehend some part of the jest would fall heavily on his own shoulders. He was not mistaken. Having asked again and again if he was not ashamed to appear in the cobbler's shape after his death and funeral, and making no reply, the mischievous judge proposed to ascertain whether he was really a corporeal mimic, or an apparition of the deceased, by a sound flagellation. Two servants of the doge applied the test with such force, that the count, not knowing any better way to end the trial, exclaimed—"I am dead!—I am dead!—I confess whatever his highness pleases."

The doge clapped his hands with a cry of applause; and the favorite pulled off his ragged disguise, begged the honest dwarf who personated him to take back his own apparel and give him his. But Antonio, made bold by his success, first claimed the money which the priest and

painter had promised to pay; and giving his wife her certificate of widowhood, bade her go in peace, and consider him happily released from her. The doge, highly amused and astonished to find the real cobbler had been sitting by his side, confirmed both the divorce and the payments; and awarded to him the amount of the wager he had laid; declaring his favorite the loser, but himself a winner of one merry day by "Il Due Gobbi."

THE POETIC IMPULSE.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

AWAY, vain yearnings for a wild ideal!

Why tempt ye me like visions from above?

Why throng round one who dwells amid things real,

Who quaffs the cup of earthly grief and love?

Away,—away,—and leave me still to follow

The varied path God gives me to pursue;

The joys of fancy are but false and hollow,

They shall not win me to forget the true.

Away, nor tempt me with your bright revelations

Of possey's sweet fairy-land of dreams;

Better for me to nurse the gentler feelings

Which light my home with calm contentment's beams,

Away,—away,—ye make my footsteps falter,

When o'er my lowly path your fair forms come

To her who serves at the Penates' altar

The Delphic oracle must still be dumb.

HOW TO RAISE THE WIND.

BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

BEFORE railroads were dreamt of, and people were satisfied with eight miles an hour, there was a certain person at Liverpool, who had gone down there on some sort of speculations or other; but whether it was to purchase cotton or to attend the races, or to do a little business in any other way, does not exactly appear. This, however, is certain, that his speculations, whatever they might have been, failed, and that he found himself in the widest street in the town with exactly one guinea left in his pocket. One guinea would not pay his fare to London, whither he had decided upon going. He was, therefore, left to his own resources; the resources of an ingenious mind, to help the one-pound-one, which was in his waistcoat pocket.

It was not until he had walked up and down the long street for at least the tenth time, that he came to any resolution; at last he slapped his buckskins, as much as to say *I have it*, and walking on a little further, he looked at the clock which was in the coach-office, crossed the street, and went over to the hotel, which was directly opposite. But I must now describe the appearance and dress of the person in question. He was a man of about thirty-five years of age, of handsome exterior, tall, and well made; he wore powder, a white cravat, a blue coat, a very short figured waistcoat, and the articles in question, to wit, a pair of buckskin inexpressibles, to which must be added a pair of white top boots. He had also a surtout coat of fine cloth, over all, but which was unbuttoned when he entered the hotel. In short, he appeared to be a dandied, rakish sort of a gentleman of

the time, with a look and manner implying that he had plenty of money to spend, and did not care a fig for anybody. No one could ever have imagined, with such an external appearance, that he had no more than one guinea in his pocket. Our gentleman walked into the coffee-room of the hotel, and took his seat in one of the boxes, with an air of pretension. In an authoritative tone he called for the waiter; and when the waiter came he called for the bill of fare, which was humbly presented. Our gentleman ran down its contents.

"I'll have a bit of fish, waiter—which do you recommend to-day?"

"All good, sir; but cod and oyster sauce just in season."

"Well, then, let it be so, with a broiled chicken and mushrooms. If I recollect right, you had some good wine here once?"

"Yes sir—we have the same bin now; the port you mean, sir?"

"Yes, the port; tell Mr. ———, I forget the landlord's name."

"Mr. Bansom."

"Very true—tell Bansom to let me have a bottle of his best, and a pint of good Madeira for dinner."

"Yes, sir. When will it please you to have your dinner?"

"As soon as you can get it ready. Give me a newspaper."

In due time the dinner made its appearance and ample justice was done to it by our old gentleman. After the cloth was removed, the port wine was produced, and this he appeared determined to enjoy, as he remained at the table sipping it until every other person who had been in the coffee-room had quitted it. He then poured out the last glass, rang the bell, and demanded the bill. It was all ready:

	£	s.	d.
Fish,	0	2	6
Fowl and Mushrooms,	0	5	6
Madeira,	0	4	9

Total, including extras, £1 4 6

"Not dear, I must say," observed the gentleman, after he had read the bill; "I must patronize this house again. The port is really good wine; I knew it again directly,—£1 4s. 6d.—half a crown for the waiter, £1 7s."

He then put his hand into his right waistcoat pocket, and felt for his purse, found it not there; so he inserted his other hand into his left waistcoat pocket, no purse there.

"Hum!" says he, with surprise.

Down went his right hand into the pocket of his buckskins on his right side, no purse there; down into the left, even to the bottom, no purse there.

"The deuce!" exclaimed he, feeling his coat pockets, as a last hope—both empty. "Why, waiter, I've left my purse!" exclaimed he, rising from his seat; "and now, I perceive, I've not my watch seals. I must have left them both on the table. You don't recollect me—what must I do?"

"If you please," replied the waiter, respectfully, coming to the point, "you must pay your bill."

"Of course I must," replied the gentleman; "I

cannot expect you to trust me; what can I do?—I must leave you something in pledge."

"If you please, sir," replied the waiter.

"What shall it be—my surtout coat? I can spare that."

"Yes sir," replied the waiter, who surveyed his coat and was satisfied; "that will do."

"Well, then, help me with it off. On second thoughts, I do not think I can let you have my coat, I have suffered so dreadfully with the rheumatism in my shoulders. I dare not, upon my soul, I dare not—you must have something else. What must it be?—my boots, my new white top boots?"

"I think, sir, you couldn't walk away in stockings, without getting cold and rheumatism," replied the waiter.

"Very true—what a fool I am! but so unaccustomed to be placed in so awkward a position, I do believe I've lost my senses; to give my boots were madness. I'll tell you how it shall be, waiter; I will give you my buckskins—brand new—worth two pair of boots; I sha'n't miss them if I walk fast, and button up."

"As you please, sir," replied the waiter.

After a deal of trouble, the buckskins were in the hands of the waiter; our gentleman pulled on his boots again, buttoned his surtout coat close, and promised to redeem them faithfully by his servant the next morning, quitted the hotel, holding himself very erect, that no opening in his surtout should discover that he was minus so very important and indispensable an article of habiliment.

Our gentleman did not walk very far; he crossed the street, and entered the hotel which was opposite to the one which he had just quitted, and from which he knew that the coaches went to London.

Again he walked into the coffee-room, took his seat without his deficiencies being perceived, and calling the waiter, said to him:

"The coach starts from this place to London, I believe?"

"Yes, sir."

"At what hour?"

"At half-past five, exactly, sir."

"Well, then, I shall take a supper and a bed; and," continued he, throwing his guinea down on the table, "book me an inside place by the name of Mr. William Baring."

The waiter had heard of the name before, and bowed respectfully.

"Any luggage, sir?"

"No; I took my place this night by the mail, but was compelled to stay on important business just as I was getting into the coach. My luggage went on. I shall find it when I arrive."

Our gentleman ordered supper, and at half past ten requested to be shown to his bedroom.

"Boots," said he, "recollect you call me at half-past four exactly, as I am hard of waking. Don't forget; and if you don't see me getting up in five minutes, rouse me again."

"Yes, sir," replied Boots.

At half-past four the Boots made his appearance with a lantern, and after some considerable shaking, our gentleman roused up and sat by the side of the bed. The Boots had lighted the candle and stood by.

"Yaw—yaw!" said our gentleman, shaking himself and yawning. "How horrid it is to be up before daylight. Ah, well! Boots, give me my stockings."

"Yes, sir."

The stockings were slowly dragged on.

"Now then, Boots, my buckskins."

The Boots turned over the other garments, looked here and there, and upon every chair; at the foot of the bed and in the bed, under the pillow, and under the bolster.

"I can see no buckskins, sir."

"Pooh! nonsense, man."

Another useless turn round the room.

"Well, I am sure, sir, I can't see them," said Boots.

"How very odd!" exclaimed our gentleman. "Perhaps I am setting on them." He rose, but there were no buckskins under him. "How excessively strange! You didn't take them away with you, when you took the boots, did you?"

"No, sir, I never went into your room. You put your boots outside."

"So I did, now I recollect; but still the buckskins must be found." Another ineffectual search of five minutes, during which our gentleman gradually showed that the serenity of his temper was ruffling, till at last he became in a furious passion.

"By heavens! this is too bad; in a respectable house, too. Boots, go up to your master, and tell him I must see him immediately, and without delay; Mr. William Baring; recollect, instantly."

In a few minutes the landlord of the hotel made his appearance, half dressed, and not very well pleased at being compelled to turn out at such an unreasonable hour; but the name of Baring had been mentioned, and was not to be trifled with.

"Yes, sir, I do wish to speak to you. I came here last night, have been obliged to give up my place in the seven o'clock mail, in consequence of pressing an important business which detained me. I booked myself by the fast coach, supped and slept here, desiring that I might be called in good time, as my immediate return to town is important. On my being called and getting up, I found that somebody had stole my buckskins; that's all—nothing more. My buckskins; buckskins, sir, have disappeared!"

"I'm very sorry, sir; very sorry; can't imagine how. Some mistake, I presume," stammered the landlord.

"My buckskins are gone, sir, and no mistake," replied our gentleman. "I considered this a respectable, honest house, sir; but it appears—"

This attack upon the respectability of the house, made the landlord angry; it was a sore point.

"My house is respectable, sir; always has been respectable, sir; always will be, I trust. No gentleman ever lost his buckskins here, before, sir. What they brought, they have always taken away!"

"What, sir!" exclaimed the gentleman, in a towering passion, "what do you mean to imply, sir? Do you suppose that a gentleman would come here without such an indispensable article of dress?"

"No, sir, no," replied the landlord, who cooled down as his adversary became excited; "I didn't mean to say that, sir."

"Then you'll just hear what I have to say, sir," replied the gentleman; "I'm not to be robbed in this barefaced way; and the credit of your house is gone; for as soon as I arrive in town, I will write a letter to the Times, Chronicle, Herald, Post and Morning Advertiser, stating the whole of the infamous transaction, and sign it with my own name, sir; with my own name; and then we shall see how long you are in a position to rob the public in this way. Yes, sir, and my lawyer shall send you a letter, as soon as I arrive in town, for an action of damages and recovery, sir."

Then our gentleman walked rapidly up and down the room, his shirt waving to and fro as if it was as much excited as himself.

"I am very sorry, sir; very sorry," said the landlord; "but, sir, I have a pair of double milled trowsers, which I think would fit you, so as to enable you to go to town, until the buckskins can be replaced."

"Double milled! thank you, sir. You appear to consider my loss as only amounting to a pair of buckskins, Mr. Landlord; but who, sir, is to pay me for the forty pounds and upwards, in bank notes, which were in the pockets of my buckskins—ha! sir?"

This was, indeed, a new feature in the case, which the landlord did not expect.

"Forty pounds odd, sir!" exclaimed the landlord.

"Yes, sir, forty pounds. Let me see, forty-four pounds, exactly. Now, sir, is that money to be forthcoming? In one word, sir; there is no time to lose. If I miss the coach, I post all the way to town at your expense, as soon I have procured something to put on. The house of Baring can't go to town in its shirt; the house of Baring will be revenged, sir; your treatment is past bearing, and—I give you five minutes to decide."

The landlord did decide. The buckskins had disappeared; the credit of his house was at stake; the house of Baring was his enemy; there was no help for it. The double milled and £44 was handed over; the wrath of our gentleman was appeased; he even, before he slipped into the coach, promised to patronize the hotel.

The coach had been on the road about six hours, when the waiter stepped over to his chum, the waiter of the hotel opposite, to tell him what a fuss there had been about a pair of buckskins; the other waiter produced the buckskins left in pledge; and on their description of our gentleman, no doubt was left but that, although not probable, it was very possible that a gentleman could come into a hotel without his inexpressibles.

The landlord was almost frantic at having been so imposed upon; but as is usual in all such cases, he soon made up the loss incurred by our gentleman's visit to the hotel, by charging it upon those who came there, not only with buckskins, but with money in their buckskins' pockets; and thus ends my story of "How to raise the Wind; or the Buckskins."

THE DEPARTED.

"MOTHER, dear mother," and the dying girl's sweet voice trembled with emotion, "I have a message for Henry, and will you tell him when I am gone?"

"I will, Ellen, I will," and the widowed mother pillowed her head beside her dying girl, and wept even like a child.

They were alone. Alas for the desolate hearth of the dying poor—who shall sum its sorrows! Yet it was not always thus. Once prosperity had shed its brightest beams upon them, and the smile of friends, (!) the great and the gay, did gild their flowery paths. But the evil hour came, and adversity had awakened its most terrific storm above that mother's head. Even now did the dark cloud increase in blackness amid the deep mutterings of the approaching tempest. With a breaking heart, she calmly viewed its last approach. First of all, of the once happy family circle, was taken, the father. His proud and manly heart was crushed by the weight of his adversity. He could not bend, and thus was he broken beneath the rush of the wild and merciless tempest. Amid its pitiless peltings, a son and daughter had sickened and died, and the only idol of the mother's heart was now fast wasting away. A tear stole down the pale but yet surprisingly beautiful face of the consumptive.

"Tell him, dear mother, I will meet him in Heaven!"

Sobs, heart breaking, did burst from that mother's bosom. They passed away; and then was heard the low and fervent prayer. "Not our will, but thine, O God! be done." Night drew on apace, and nought was heard in that silent chamber but the monotonous ticking of the clock and the rustling of the leafless tree against the old house, as they were driven by the cold autumnal blast. On came the solemn hour of midnight, and in that scantily furnished apartment, were gathered the few friends of the poor and soon to be childless widow. They gathered around the couch of the dying in awe. The palor of death had overspread her features; her large dark eye beamed with unearthly brightness. She had reached the portals of eternity, and its glorious visions had fixed her gaze. A holy smile illumined her countenance.

"Mother—mother—"

"What? my child;" and she wiped with trembling hands the moisture of death from her brow.

"What charming music!"

Her breathing grew short—a gasp—she had joyfully passed on her way. She was dead.

Again there was a small and silent gathering. The last tribute of affectionate respect was about to be paid to the youthful dead. They gathered around that old house, neighbors and friends. There were no loud and boisterous greetings; the silent nod, the warm pressure of the hand, the mournful countenance, told an eloquent tale for the departed. But a few weeks had she sojourned in that rustic village, but in those few, her gentle goodness and beauty had won the hearts of all. There was a slight movement within, and then with uncovered heads, they clustered around the door. "Blessed are the dead who

die in the Lord." The voice of the holy man went up—then there was a pause—and then was heard the fervent prayer. He prayed for her "thy handmaid" who now by an inscrutable providence was "written childless." He prayed for him, and his voice faltered, who far away was unconscious of his heavy bereavement, that he might be strengthened in the hour of his trial. He ceased. They turned away, stern and rugged men, to conceal their emotions, for their hearts were touched when they thought of the tidings and the cloud for him who was so buoyant in the hope. They bore her forth to her last resting place in the quiet churchyard. The autumn winds sighed her requiem.

He came at last. He had chided time for his long delay. He had come for his idol. Himself and the harvest of years of ceaseless toil were the offering. Well might he chide time. There was one who had come, aye! and gone before him, and that one was *Death*! Even now lay the retreating shadow fallen on him, chilling him like the winds of midwinter. He pressed on in hope. He entered her last earthly home, and lightly called her name, for his heart beat joyously for the glad surprise and blissful greeting which awaited. Hark!—a step—he stands with outstretched arms—why doth that eye gaze so earnestly and that face blanch to such snowy whiteness?—behold the widow and childless stands before him, and her garments are of wo.

Again that name is heard in tones of awful earnest. But there is no response. A mist gathers before her eyes at the sight of his agony and she sinks before him.

'Tis a terrible sight to see a strong mind wrecked in its fondest hopes—to witness the struggle between hope and despair, in the heart that can fully realize its mighty loss. For a long time reason trembled on her throne. Then he would call upon "the departed" in such tones as would cause the heart to send forth tears like rain. Again, and his heart would brighten and his countenance beam as it was wont in other days, and he would seem to hold blissful communion with one as of old. Ten weeks hurried away, and he rose from a bed of suffering an altered man. The flashing eye was dimmed—the elastic step was broken as a child's; he was a wreck of his former self. The widow bore him the message. A sad smile flitted over his features as he listened. "*Meet me in Heaven!*" He pondered deeply on those words. He took down the Word of God, and day after day did he pore over its pages.

Gradually, light dawned upon his darkened mind. Once, manhood forbade his tears, but now he wept freely. He had forgotten his God and Savior, and sought happiness for his immortal soul on earth alone. Those tears were followed by peace, "such as the world cannot give, neither take away." Hope arose in that heart once more; but, it was not of earth. He no longer found his existence in the past; the bright and glorious future opened on his vision—"his weary soul had found enduring rest." Years passed on; humbly and fearfully he walked before his God; he lived not in vain. The widow and fatherless, the afflicted and desolate, knew him as a tried

friend, and numberless were the prayers and blessings bestowed upon him. Death came at last, but for him it had no terrors.

TENDERNESS.

CALL me pet names, dearest! Call me a bird,
That flies to thy breast at one cherishing word,
That folds its wild wings there, ne'er dreaming of flight,
That tenderly sings there in loving delight!
Oh! my sad heart keeps sighing for one fond word,—
Call me pet names, dearest! call me thy bird!—F. S. OSGOOD.

THE LOG OF THE ROVER.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—“Oh touch again that gentle string,” has too many blemishes; “Lines to S . . .” won’t answer at all; and “Little Sarah Green” is not good enough for its length.

THIS WEEK’S PLATE—THE INFANT BACCHUS.—Bacchus, the god of wine, was the son of Jupiter, and a mortal mother Semele, the daughter of Cadmus, king of Thebes. His mother, through the instrumentality of Juno, perished by celestial flames, and the boy, then unborn, was taken and sewed up in the thigh of Jupiter, until the time of birth, when he was given to Ino, the sister of Semele, and afterward to the Nysian nymphs, to rear, but was finally educated in Rhea in Lydia. When grown up, he was incited by his father to make war on the king of India. The war lasted seven years, and terminated with the death of the Indian monarch, and the victory of Bacchus. He afterwards made a triumphal progress through Arabia, and at length came to his native city of Thebes, where he was acknowledged as the son of Jupiter.

He was once found on the shore of the Isle of Dia, by some Tyrrhenian mariners, who, supposing him to be a mortal youth, carried him away, intending to sell him for a slave. The pilot suspected his quality, and vainly urged them to set him free. Suddenly the vessel stood still, and ivy and vines twined round the oars, masts, and sails, and the god appeared surrounded by the forms of tigers, lynxes, and panthers. The crew jumped into the sea in terror, and were changed into dolphins. The pilot was spared and became a follower of the god. After this, finding, one day, Ariadne, the daughter of Minos, king of Crete, in the Isle of Naxos, where she had been abandoned by Theseus, made her his spouse, and gave her a splendid golden crown, which was afterward set among the stars. He is usually represented as an effeminate youth, crowned with ivy and vine-leaves.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.—Wiley & Putnam, 161 Broadway, have issued number ten of their “Library of Choice Reading,” containing Ancient Tales from the Gesta Romanorum. These books are all very elegantly got up, and are composed of the choicest works in the English language. We certainly hope that not one of our numerous readers will let this opportunity pass for possessing themselves of the most elegant literary morsels that the press has put forth for many a day. By all means go at once and make yourself sure of a complete set of this rare Library of “books which are books.” And here is an extract from the preface which will apply to ourselves—to the Rover—with as much grace as to the elegant volume of *Tales* before us:

“Romantic fiction pleases all minds, both old and young; the reason is this, says an old Platonist, ‘that here, things are set down as they should be; but in true history of the world, things are recorded indeed as they are, but it is but a testimony that they have not been as they should be. Wherefore, in the upshot of all, when we shall see that come to pass, that so much pleases us in the reading the most ingenious plays and heroic poems, that long afflicted virtue at last comes to the crown, the mouth of all unbelievers must be stopped.’”

The same house also publish for gratuitous circulation, a *Literary News-Letter and Monthly Register* of all new books,

foreign and American, on the first of every month, containing a vast amount of literary intelligence, that can be implicitly relied on. It is very valuable to persons making up catalogues, or those wishing to keep note of all transactions in the literary world. It is prepared with an immense deal of care and attention.

Harper & Brothers have published Eugene Sue’s novel of the Court Conspirator, said to be one of his most able romances. It follows close upon historical facts, and, from the glance we have taken of it, seems to possess absorbing interest. They have also got out the 28th number of the Illuminated and Pictorial Bible, and numbers 53 and 54 of the Pictorial Shakspeare. For elegance of illustration and neatness of typographical execution these works cannot be surpassed. Verplanck’s notes to Shakspeare evince thorough study, great patience and deep research.

From the same publishers the fourth number of the “Encyclopedia of Domestic Economy.” One of the most valuable family books of the season.

Leonard Scott & Co. have issued in fac simile style, Blackwood for May. We know not what we can say in favor of this greatest of all the Monthlies, that always contains articles of rare merit. The paper and typographical execution are excellent.

Burgess, Stringer & Co. have published in a neat and cheap form an original American novel, entitled “Fleetwood, or the Stain of Birth,” by the author of “Philip in Search of a Wife.” From a cursory glance at its pages, and from the merit of the previous production, we should judge the work to be very entertaining.

Also, from the pen of a Southern Lady, an original novel entitled “Eveline Neville, or a Spirit, yet a Woman too.” This work seems to be well written and to possess considerable merit. Both of the above works are copy-righted.

We see that Messrs. B. S. & Co. have purchased all the stereotype plates of Cooper’s works, and are now engaged in getting out new and uniform editions.

NEW MUSIC.—A. A. Van Gelder, 268 Bowery, has published three Quadrilles, with a beautiful lithograph frontispiece. We have whistled over the airs, and find them delightful pieces of music. The composer is Adolphe Mine.

THEATRES.—June 3.—At the Park, last week, Anderson concluded a most successful engagement, taking his farewell benefit on Friday evening, on which occasion he was complimented with a large audience, which received him rapturously as Shylock and the Elder Brother. He shortly returns to Europe, but we hope not without the expectation of soon visiting us again. On Monday evening H. Placide re-appeared at this house as Sir Harcourt Courtly, in *London Assurance*, and met a most cordial reception. Mrs. G. H. Barrett appeared as Lady Gay Spanker. This lady has been eminent in her profession, and it is wonderful how well she holds her own. The French troupe appear at this house in the course of the month.

At the Chatham, Mr. James Wallack and lady have been the principal cards of attraction. The French Spy and the Brigand have been carefully put upon the stage, and well performed. Mrs. Wallack as the Spy was startling and effective. Mr. Wallack is a very judicious actor, and we look to see him and his lady hold a high rank in the profession. There is a manifest improvement in the management of this house.

Castle Garden is giving a variety of novel entertainments, with Yankee Hill and others. This is decidedly the most elegant summer place of amusement in the country, and we are pleased to see that the public begin to think so, and profit by it accordingly.

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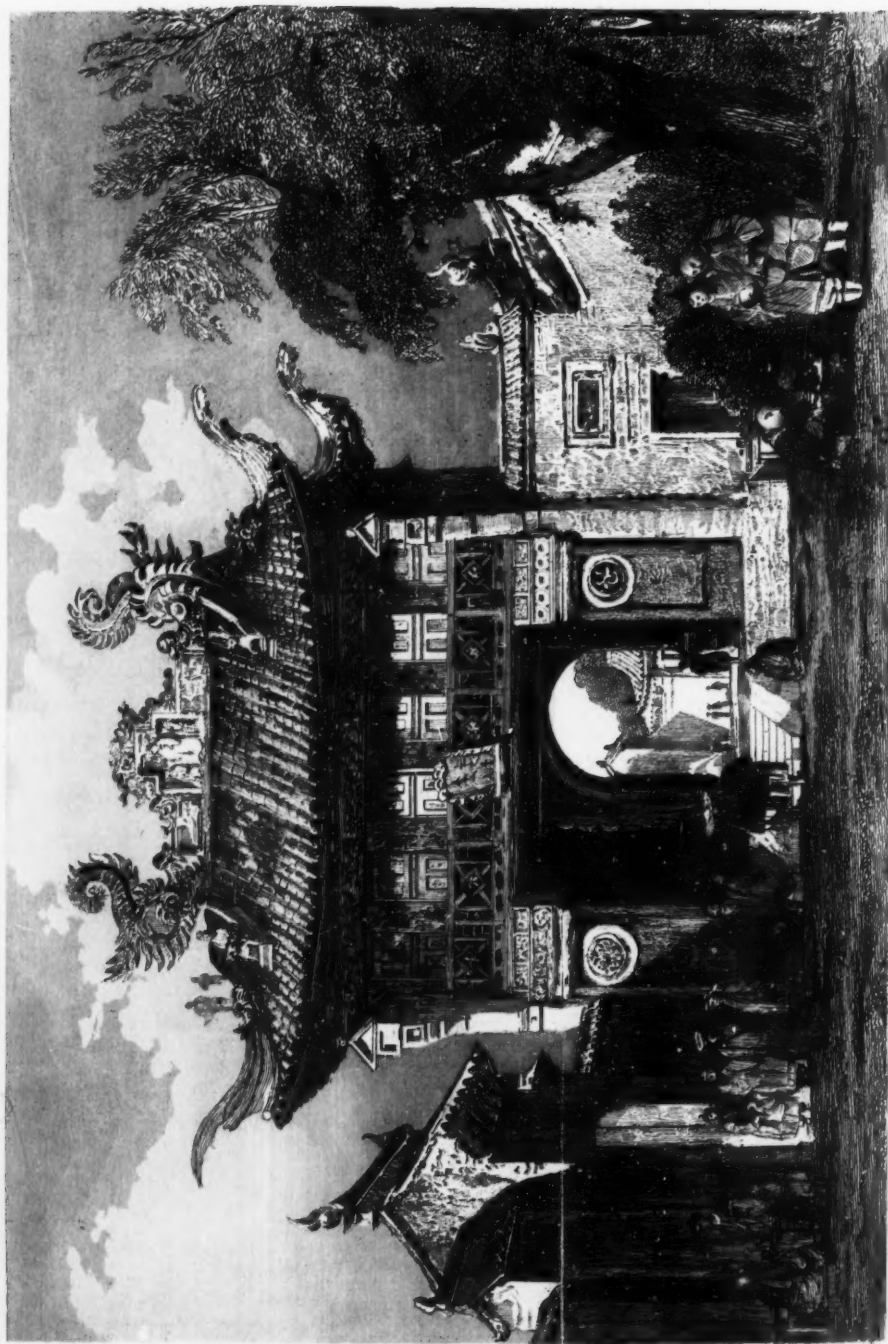
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First Entrance Gate to the Temple of Confucius, Chung-king.

Engraved for "The Review."

First Entrance Gate to the Temple of Confucius, Chung-hui.

Engraved for "The Reviewer."